

Soul Survivor III: In Walks The Night

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Summary: As Mac waits, Harm has a surprise visitor.

Soul Survivor III: In Walks The Night

Soul Survivor III: In Walks The Night Soul Survivor III: In Walks The Night [1/1]

> by Arriall <p> -- You can E-mail me at skyfox@interlog.com --
<p>

-- Rating: PG-13 --

-- Summary: As Mac waits, Harm has a surprise visitor.
> Alternate universe. Please: this should make more
 sense if you
read "Soul Survivor I & II" first. --

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> to their creators (Belasario, et al) and the current

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> borrowing them - no copyright infringement is intended. <p>

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> the author. -- <p>

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"In walks the night. In walks my fantasy.
> Darkness all around me. And I'm dying for the light"
 ~~ Heart:
"In Walks The Night"

~~~~~

One day, ten hours, thirteen minutes. . . .

Mac watched the slight furrowing of Harm's brow and then it was  
> gone. She had been so excited the first time that it had  
happened,<br> expecting him to awaken at any moment. But that had not

happened.

Harm had been moved to a private yesterday. He was still being  
> monitored and his leg was still in traction. Mac was unsure if  
his<br> being unconscious was due to the medication that they had him  
on or  
> the head injury. She was very frustrated at not being able to  
ask<br> any questions.

Mac sighed. She had learned many things over the last few  
> days. She had no need for any biological functions like sleeping  
or<br> eating. She had seen Angelico two more times; he had stopped  
by to  
> let her know that there had been no decision made as to her future.  
<p>

Mac found herself hoping to see him again. He had teased her  
> about not concentrating hard enough and after pondering his  
words<br> for a while had finally figured out that it was a mental  
not a  
> physical force that was required to pass through solid objects.  
She<br> sighed. While she was proud of that accomplishment, she was  
equally  
> disappointed that the same technique did not seem to apply to  
moving<br> objects.

Harm was slowly becoming aware of the sounds around him. He  
> felt as though he were floating - a comfortable carefree sensation.  
<br> The sounds began to separate themselves into voices. He wondered  
  
> briefly who they were and what they wanted. He thought he heard  
Mac<br> before he allowed himself to drift again.

Harm groaned softly and Mac looked up quickly. Harm remained  
> frustratingly unconscious. Mac sighed again. <p>

One day, ten hours, twenty-one minutes. . . and counting.

~~~~~

Mac was heading back to Harm's room after a short stroll around
> the floor. It was nine o'clock in the morning - a little over
two
 and a half days after the accident. She was surprised to see
the
> tall young naval officer following the nurse down the corridor.
She
 was even more surprised when they stopped at Harm's doorway.
The
> blond woman stared into the room for a moment and then looked at
the
 nurse.

Mac moved closer, hearing the Lieutenant quietly thank the
> nurse in a soft voice. Her smile tinged with sadness as she
turned
 and walked in.

Lieutenant Meg Austin felt her heart constrict in her chest as
> she stared down at Harm. The tubes and monitors scared her -
not
 for herself, but for him. The doctors said that it was just a

> question of time until he regained consciousness, but they could

not
 say what, if any, permanent damage had been done.

'The brain is an unknown in many ways, Lieutenant. Sometimes
> it is very fragile and sometimes it is very resilient. We won't
 know until he wakes up.' The doctor had told her with a shrug.

She knew that Harm had taken it badly when he had been removed
> from active flight status. He had immersed himself totally into
law
 school and becoming a lawyer. That was one of the reasons
that he
> was so good. She wondered how he would handle things if he were
to
 come out of this unable to continue being a lawyer. She shook
her
> head and pushed the dark thoughts away. Harm needed good
thoughts
 right now.

Meg smiled as she brushed a hand across Harm's forehead. He
> looked so peaceful right now - so unlike the last time they had
met. <p>

~~~~~

Lieutenant Harmon Rabb looked at the pretty blond Lieutenant  
> (jg) in front of him. The sounds of activity in the bullpen  
floated<br> through the doorway of his office distracting him. He  
turned his  
> back and stared vacantly in the direction of his open filing<br> cabinet.

He cleared his throat. "You're leaving, Meg?"

"Yes, sir." It was almost a whisper. She was desperately  
> trying to keep this formal. <p>

"Why?"

She saw him swallow hard as he asked the question. Meg felt a  
> lump forming in her own throat. This was it - this was her  
chance<br> to tell him how she felt. A million butterflies seemed to  
danced in  
> her stomach. She loved him. She loved him enough to give up her<br> career with JAG. She had requested the transfer to NCIS so that  
> they could be together. She opened her mouth to speak when he<br> turned.

"How could you? After everything that we've been through  
> together. I thought we had a special relationship. I thought  
that<br> it meant as much to you as it does to me. Well, go  
Lieutenant.  
> Leave." His eyes darkened as he glared at her. "And don't  
bother<br> coming back."

"But. . . ." Meg was shocked; her mind reeling. She had seen  
> Harm get angry before, but never with such quiet calm. It had<br> scared her.

"Dismissed, Lieutenant."

"Sir, I. . . ."

"Lieutenant!"

"Harm?"

He had fixed her with a cold stare. She glared back.

"Fine," he said, brushing past her. "If you won't leave, I  
> will." <p>

~~~~~

He had walked out of the office and out of her life. She never
> knew how he had managed it, but they had not been assigned to
work
 together again. Every attempt that she made to talk to him
had been
> ignored or deflected. What she had thought would be the
happiest
 day of her life had turned out to be the saddest.

She had managed to keep track of Harm after her transfer. She
> knew that he had been close to the Marine Major killed in the

accident. Meg had bought him a wallet for his birthday when they
> had worked together. He had listed her on his records to be

notified in case of an accident. She supposed that he had never
> bothered to change it and that was why she had received the
call
 that he was in hospital.

She looked down at him.

"I gave it all up for you. I love you, Harmon Rabb, Jr."

Mac heard the young woman's words. She had realized as soon as
> she saw Austin on the nametag that this was Meg, his former
partner.
 Harm hardly mentioned her, but Bud had talked about her
a few times.
> Mac wondered what it was that Meg had given up. She could see
the
 woman cared deeply for him.

"Sarah?"

She turned to see Angelico standing in the doorway and smiled.
> He motioned for her to follow him into to hallway. <p>

"A decision has been made, Sarah."

Mac had the sensation of her chest tightening. "What is it?"

Angelico smiled. "You may stay with Harm for the rest of the
> time that you were supposed to live or until you decide otherwise."
<p>

Mac sighed in relief. "Thank you."

Angelico turned to go and then turned back with a grin. "And
> Sarah, you don't need to touch an object in order to move it."
<p>

Harm's eyelids fluttered. . . and then he blinked. His eyes
> began to focus. He smiled as he recognized Meg. <p>

"Hey, fly-boy," she said in a soft voice.

"Meg." His voice sounded raspy and dry.

"Yeah. It's me, Harm." She smiled.

The sound of Harm's voice drew Mac back into the room.

Harm looked carefully around the room, his head still not clear
> from the fog it seemed to fill his mind. He saw someone standing
at
 the bottom of his bed, looking extremely tense.

"Mac?"

The Marine grinned at him.

"Harm." Meg put a hand on his arm, drawing his attention.
> "I'm so sorry. Mac's dead." <p>

"But. . . ?" He looked back at the Major.

"It's true, Harm. I am dead."

Harm closed his eyes with a groan, his head starting to ache,
> he allowed himself to slip back into the darkness.
<p>

~~~~~

It was dark in the room when Harm opened his eyes again. He  
> thought he did not feel as dizzy as he had earlier. Meg. He<br>  
remember that Meg had been here. He wondered why, then the memory  
> of Meg's words hit him. Mac was dead. <p>

"Mac. God, Mac, I am so sorry. . . ."

He lifted a shaky hand to rub his eyes.

"It's not your fault, Harm."

Harm froze, his hand still covering his eyes. The voice -  
> Mac's voice. He must be hallucinating, perhaps an effect of one  
of<br> the drugs that he was on. Slowly he lowered his hand and  
looked  
> around. <p>

"Mac?" He whispered.

She stepped out of the shadows and walked over to the side of  
> his bed. She reached out, hesitated and then took his hand.  
<p>

Harm felt the touch of Mac's hand. 'This is one helluva  
> hallucination,' he thought. He gripped her hand tightly. It  
felt<br> so real.

"I don't understand, Mac. Y-you're dead?"

Mac could see the confusion reflected in his eyes and sighed.  
> How to explain all this to him? <p>

"Yes. It's a long story, Harm. But I'm still here for you.  
> I'll always be here for you." <p>

finis. . .

End  
file.